

Katie Phas

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS of the WORLD.

SONGS

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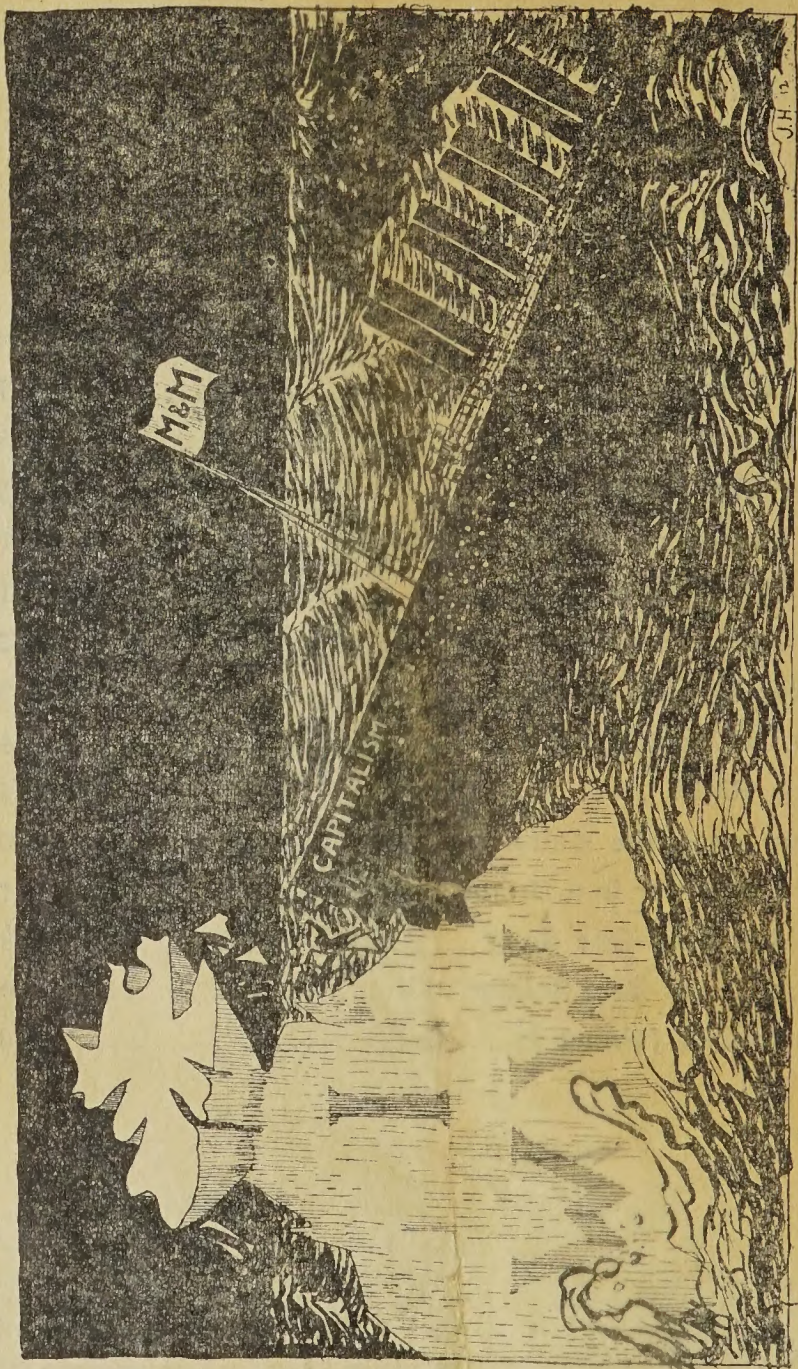
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AEROGAM:—"HELP! HELP! HELP! WE'VE HIT SOMETHING."

TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DEE-AY.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

I had a job once threshing wheat,
Worked sixteen hours with hands and feet,
And when the moon was shining bright,
They kept me working all the night.
One-moonlight night—I hate to tell,
I accidentally slipped and fell:
My pitchfork went right in between
Some cog wheels in the thresh machine.

Chorus—

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay,
It made a noise that way,
And wheels and bolts and hay
Went flying every way.
The stingy Rube said, "Well,
A thousand gone to Hell,"
But I did sleep that night—
I needed it all right.

Next day that stingy Rube did say,
"I'll bring my eggs to town today,
You grease my wagon up, you mutt,
But don't forget to screw your nut."
I greased his wagon for him, but
I plumb forgot to screw the nut,
And when he started on that trip,
A wheel slipped off and broke his hip.

Chorus—

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay,
It made a noise that way,
That Rube was sure a sight,
And mad enough to fight;
His whiskers and his legs,
Were full of scrambled eggs.
I told him, "That's too bad,
I'm, feeling very sad."

But then that farmer said, "You Turk,
I'll bet you are an I Won't Work."
He paid me off right there, by gum,
And I went home and told my chum.
Next day when threshing did commence,
My chum was "Johnny on the fence,"
And, on my word, that awkward kid,
He dropped his pitchfork like I did.

Chorus—

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay,
It made a noise that way,
And part of that machine
Hit Reuben on the bean.
He cried: "Oh me, Oh my,
I nearly lost my eye."
My partner said, "You're right,
It's bedtime now, good-night."

But still that Rube was pretty wise,
Those things did open up his eyes.
He said, "There must be something wrong,
I think I work my men too long."
He cut the hours and raised the pay,
Gave ham and eggs for every day.
He gets his men from Union Hall,
And has no "acidents" at all.

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-de-ay,
That Rube is feeling gay.
He learned his lesson quick,
Just through a simple trick.
For fixing rotten jobs,
And fixing greedy slobs,
This is the only way—
TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DEE-AY.

THE OLD TOILER'S MESSAGE.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Air: "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

"Darling, I am growing old"—
So the toiler told his wife—
Father Time the days have tolled
Of my usefulness in life.
Just tonight my master told me RBC
He can't use me any more. NCU
Oh, my darling, do not scold me,
When the wolf comes to our door."

Chorus—

To the scrap heap we are going
When we're overworked and old—
When our weary heads are showing
Silver threads among the gold.

THE TRAMP

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Go Marching."
If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;
He was not the kind that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

Chorus—

Tramp, tramp, tramp keep on a-tramping,
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do

He walks up and down the street,
'Till the shoes fell off his feet,
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

Chorus, Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

'Cross the street a sign he read,
"Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"
And he kneeled upon the floor,
'Till his knees got rather sore,
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Chorus, Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

Down the street he met a cop,
And the Copper made him stop,
And he asked him, "When did you blow in to town?
Come with me up to the judge."
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Chorus, Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

Finally came that happy day
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,
When he reached the pearly gate,
Santa Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried,

Chorus, Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

COFFEE AND.

Composed by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Tune, "Count Your Blessings."

An employment shark one day I went to see,
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me,
Just a couple o' dollars for the office fee,
But the job is steady and the fare is free."

Chorus—

Count your pennies, count them, one by one,
And you'll plainly see how easy you are done,
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,
Sneak into a Jap, and get your coffee and.

I shipped out and worked and slept in lousy bunks,
And the grub it stunk as bad as nineteen skunks,
When a week I slaved the boss he said one day,
You're too tired, you are fired, get your pay.

Chorus.—Count your pennies, etc.

When the clerk commenced to count, Oh, holy gee,
Road and school and poll tax and the hospital fee,
But I fainted and I nearly lost my sense
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

Chorus.—Count your pennies, etc.

But when I got back to town with blistered feet,
Then I heard a fellow speaking on the street,
And he said, "It is the workers' own mistake,
If they stand together they get all they make."

Chorus.—Count your pennies, etc.

"Come today," he said, "and join our union grand,
Who will be a member of this fighting band?"
"Write me out a card," says I, "Right here, by gee,
The Industrial Workers is the dope for me."

Chorus—

Count the workers, count them one by one,
Join our union and we'll show you how it's done.
Stand together, workers, hand in hand.
Then we'll never have to live on coffee and.

WHAT WE WANT

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Tune, "Rainbow."

We want all the workers in the world to organize
Into a great big union grand
And when we all united stand
The world for workers we'll demand
If the working class could only see and realize
What mighty power labor has
Then the exploiting master class
It would soon fade away.

Chorus—

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,
Come from every land,
Join the fighting band,
In one union grand,
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a paradise
When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,
And all the cooks and laundry girls,
We want the guy that dives for pearls,
The pretty maid that's making curls,
And the baker and staker and the chimneysweep,
We want the man that's slinging hash,
The child that works for little cash
In one union grand.

Chorus—Come all ye, etc.

We want the tinner and the skinner and the chamber-maid,
We want the man that spikes on soles,
We want the man that's digging holes,
We want the man that's climbing poles,
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man,
And all the factory girls and clerks,
Yes, we want every one that works,
In one union grand.

Chorus—Come all ye, etc.

THE PREACHER AND THE BARE FACTS.

By J. H. of the I. W. W.

Tune, "Sweet Bye and Bye."

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

Chorus—

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray
'Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

Chorus.

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,
And they holler, they jump and they shout.
Give your money to Jesus they say,
He will cure all diseases today.

Chorus.

If you fight hard for children and wife—
Try to get something good in this life—
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Chorus.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,
Side by side we for freedom with fight;
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

Chorus of last verse—

You will eat, bye and bye,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry,
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

THE WHITE SLAVE

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Air, "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland."

One little girl, fair as a pearl,
Worked every day in a laundry;
All that she made for food she paid,
So she slept in a box near a foundry,
An old procuress spied her there,
She came and whispered in her ear.

Chorus—

Come with me now my girly,
Dont' sleep out in the cold;
Your face and tresses curly
Will bring you fame and gold,
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,
Walks all alone 'long the river,
Five years have flown, her health is gone,
She would look at the water and shiver,
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,
She'd hear a voice call from the deep,

Chorus—Come with me now, etc.

Girls in this way, fall every day,
And have been falling for ages,
Who is to blame, you know his name,
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.
A homeless girl can always hear
Temptations calling everywhere.

Chorus—Come with me now, etc.

The French Syndicalist said, "Three years that America is the Land of the Lost Strikes."

It seems to me that we are trying hard to live down that reputation. Note McKees Rocks, Lawrence, Gray's Harbor lumber mills; B. of T. W. (affiliated with the I. W. W.) in Texas and Louisiana last fall.

What do you (French Syndicalist) think of the American slave now?

THE INTERNATIONALE.

Translated by Charles H. Kerr.

By Eugene Pottier.

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain—

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Industrial Union
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors;
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
Wage systems drain our blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection,
Equality has other laws;
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the people's work are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In working for their restitution
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the people,
No room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

NEARER MY JOB TO THEE.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Nearer my job to thee,
Nearer with glee,
Three plunks for the office fee,
But my fare is free.
My train is running fast,
I've got a job at last,
Nearer my job to thee
Nearer to thee.

Arrived where my job should be,
Nothing I see,
Nothing but sand, by gee,
Job went up a tree.
No place to eat or sleep,
Snakes in the sage brush creep,
Nero a saint would be,
Shark, compared with thee.

Nearer to town! each day
(Hiked all the way),
Nearer that agency,
Where I paid my fee,
And when that shark I see
You'll bet your boots that he,
Nearer his god shall be,
Leave that to me.

JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Air, "A Little Talk with Jesus."

In Lawrence when the starving masses struck for more to eat,
And Woodenheaded Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,
To Sammy Gompers wrote, and asked him what he thought,
And this is just the answer that the mail-man brought:

Chorus—

A little talk with Golden makes it right, all right;
He'll settle any strike if there is coin in sight,
Just take him up to dine, and everything is fine,
A little talk with Golden makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand
in hand,
The boys in blue, with stars and stripes, were sent by
Uncle Sam,
Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew
That weaving clothes with bayonets is hard to do.

Chorus—A little talk, etc.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,
He told him how to bust up the I double double U,
He came out in a while and wore the golden smile,
He said, "I've got all labor-leaders skinned a mile."

Chorus—A little talk, etc.

John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks"
and "stoals,"
He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy
fools,
But to his great surprise, the "foreigners" were wise,
In One Big, Solid, Union they were organized.

Chorus of last verse—

That's one time Golden did not make it right, all right,
In spite of all his schemes the strikers won the fight,
When all the workers stand united hand in hand,
The world with all its wealth shall be at their command.

STUNG RIGHT.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Air, "Sunlight, Sunlight."

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,
I saw a sign that thousand men were wanted right away,
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet,
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

Chorus—

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G
Stung right strung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me,
When my term is over, and again I'm free,
There'll be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for
slaves,
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the
waves."
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my
snooze,
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the captain's
shoes.

Chorus.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down
and out,
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are a
case."
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

Chorus.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something
nice,
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

Chorus.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
Not all were killed by bullets, though, no, not by any
means,
The biggest part that died was killed by Armour's Pork
and Beans.

Chorus.

CASEY JONES, THE UNION SCAB

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

The workers on the S. P. line, to strike sent out a call
But Casey Jones, the Engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
His boiler it was leaking and his drivers on the bum
And his engine and his bearings they were all out o' plumb.

Chorus—

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running,
Casey Jones was working double time
Casey Jones got a wooden medal
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help up win the
strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
Then someone put a bunch of railroad ties across the track
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Chorus—

Casey Jones hit the river bottom,
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,
Casey Jones was an Angeleno;
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up in heaven to the pearly gate
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P.
freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went
on strike;
So you'll get a job a-scabbin' any time you like."

Chorus—

Casey Jones got a job in heaven,
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine,
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. Line.

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbin' everywhere.
The Angels Union, No. 23, they sure "were there"
And they promptly fired Casey down the golden stair.

Chorus—

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying,
"Casey Jones," the devil said, "Oh, fine!
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur,
That's wat you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Tune, "There is Power in the Blood."

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

Chorus—

There is pow'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land—
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,
And starve here with rags on your back?

Chorus—There is a power, etc.

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb,"
Then join in the grand, Industrial band;
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

Chorus—There is a power, etc.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then dont' organize, all unions despise,
If you want nothing before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Chorus—There is a power, etc.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,
Come join in the grand Industrial band,
Then we our share of this earth shall demand
Come on! Do your share, like a man.
Chorus—There is a power, etc.

San Diego seem to think that they have
W. Beat. Just watch San Diego and you will
grass growing on the street.

WE WILL SING ONE SONG.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Air, "My Old Kentucky Home."

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,
The horn-handed son of the toil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

Chorus—

Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth,
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profit that immoral traffic bear.

Chorus.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,
He tells you of homes in the sky.
He says, "Be generous, be lowly, and be meek,
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die.
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,
He carries his home on his back;
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,
So he wanders without aim along the track.

Chorus.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
Taken from playgrounds and schools,
Years made to go the pace that kills,
In the shops, 'mong the looms and the spools.
We'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,
For the toiler and slave,
That it is sweeping sea and land,
Of the grafter and the knave.

SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER.

Words by J. H. of the I. W. W.

Tune, "Colleen Bawn."

We're spending billions every year
For guns and ammunition,
"Our Army" and "our Navy" dear,
To keep in good condition;
While millions live in misery
And millions died before us,
Don't sing "My Country 'tis of thee,"
But sing this little chorus.

Chorus—

Should I ever be a soldier,
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;
Should the gun I ever shoulder,
It's to crush the tyrant's might.
Join the army of the toilers,
Men and women fall in line,
Wage slaves of the world! Arouse!
Do your duty for the cause,
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,
Her love and pride must offer
On Mammon's alter in despair,
To fill the masters' coffer.
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,
From tender youth he squeezes,
While brawny men must walk the street
And face the wintry breezes.

Chorus—Should I ever, etc.

Why do they mount their gatling gun
A thousand miles from ocean,
Where hostile fleet could never run—
Ain't that a funny notion?
If you don't know the reason why,
Just strike for better wages,
And then, my friends—if you don't die—
You'll sing this song for ages.

Chorus—Should I ever, etc.

CHORUS.

Green 449